

Dear Jack:

I WRITE TO TELL YOU THAT I HAVE JUST TAKEN MY FIRST BATH—Not in my life, of course; but my first bath in water heated in a

Baltimore Sun Water Heater

and it was luxurious! I had a kitchen boiler put in my new house—in about three weeks it blew up and killed my dog. Then I tried an instantaneous heater—it exploded and the gas burned my whiskers to a frazzle. After that I heated my bathing water on the stove and developed sweeny in the left knee lugging the washboiler and tin kettles into the bath room. I could endure this stunt no longer and was about to take to cold water or no bathing at all, when I visited a friend who had installed a

Baltimore Sun Heater

on his roof—the roof of his house, I mean,—and it solved all my difficulties at once. It is a wonderful thing, Jack, and I advise you to get one at once. Mr. W. B. Craw, who is sole agent for the Territory, will attach it to your roof and the glorious sunshine of Honolulu will do the rest. No expense for fuel. No more danger from boiler and gas explosions. Hot water all day and night—the Thermos Bottle is a toy compared with it. When you come to town call on

W. B. CRAW, (care Emmeluth & Co.)

AND HAVE ONE INSTALLED IN YOUR NEW HOME.

Yours happily,

DICK.

Arizona Kicklets

How Providence Saved "The Kicker" Man.

We have often had reason to believe that we had a guardian angel hovering over us, and that no matter how quick we were on the draw and how straight we shot, the angel was on the job with us. As to whether that guardian is our sainted mother, or some young lady that we loved and lost, we can't say, but another instance has taken place to show that she hasn't got tired of hovering.

In describing the incident above referred to we must bring in a game of poker. We will try to be as tender as we can about it, and trust that we shall lose no subscribers. It must be understood by Eastern people that poker in the West is on the same pedestal as golf, baseball, croquet, cricket, etc. It isn't quite as athletic as some of the games mentioned, but as an offset it may be said that there is far less profanity in it. We have men in Arizona who have played poker for thirty-six hours on a stretch and never used an oath.

Of course money can be lost and won at poker, but that doesn't make it a gambler's game. No one here in the West sits down to win another man's money. It is simply for amusement. If you amuse him by winning or losing you have shown your good will, and he has shown his in return.

Major Calhoun came to Gileadam Gulch three years ago, and while pretending to be a guileless lamb, did over-estimatingly whop our citizens at the game of poker. After a year no one would play with him. He was not accused of any trickery, but his bluff was marvelous. He was taught it in Mississippi, and it was the genuine thing. Times without number he has bluffed a full house with a pair of ten-spots.

It so happened, as such things will, that we never got into a game with the Major. Perhaps he has a guardian angel hovering over him as well. Both of us were always looking for the game that never came off, and after a year or so the Major took his departure for Nevada, and is residing there yet. His conscience has never felt quite right,

however. He couldn't make out that he had done his duty by us.

Last Monday morning, after a long and tedious ride, Major Calhoun entered "The Kicker" office. He had come for a game of poker. He had come in to amuse us for the time, and then return to his mountain home. He had brought \$20,000 in cash with him to do the trick. It was our busy day, but Western etiquette must be observed. The man that rides 300 miles to play a game of poker with another has moral rights that cannot be denied. To turn him down would be against every law of hospitality we have in this glorious portion of the United States.

The game began and was played to the end in the Bald Eagle poker parlors, and there was never less than 100 of our most eminent citizens present as spectators. The dealing was done by the Hon. Joseph Colchester, ex-State Senator, and a man whose probity is above suspicion. The incident may result in sending him to the United States Senate, as the only one in that body not elected by a trust. It was understood at the start that the game was to be limited only by the sky above. We think we were calm as we sat down, and we know the Major was. In fact, he was so calm that he assured us he would be the sole owner of "The Kicker" within six hours. We liked his little way, and we meant to amuse him to his last dime. The ante was \$5, and it was all jackpots.

There may be a few ladies among our readers who are unfamiliar with the terms of poker. To all such we would recommend a little volume of which one Mr. Hoyle is the author. While the work contains neither love nor romance, and has not yet been adopted by the public schools as a standard history of the United States, there are passages in it to make your hair curl. Read it, by all means and when read lend it to your neighbor.

We got three jacks on the first deal, but we let the Major take the pot on

a pair of queens. On the next hand we filled a bob-tailed flush, but let him get away with a \$50 pot on two pairs. We dallied with him in this way until he was \$5000 ahead of the game, and then we sailed in. No matter if we had only an ace-high hand, we called his every hand and raised. He caught us a dozen times, as we planned he should, and early in the game he felt himself the proud owner and proprietor of America's greatest weekly newspaper.

We heartily wish that such of our readers as have tremors at the mention of the name of poker could have been there. Not an oath from anybody's lips. No man calling even for lemonade. Not a word of wrangle or dispute. The room was as grave and orderly as the New York state senate after an announcement that one of its members had sold his vote for \$5000. We have attended camp meetings where there was more gaiety. The only voices heard were those of the players, as they muttered:

"I open the pot for \$500."
"I raise you \$500."
"One thousand better."
"One thousand better than you."

Shortly after 11 o'clock our guardian angel assisted us to fill a royal flush. The Major's g. a. was a little slow, and he only got a straight flush out of it. It was enough for him, however. He felt that his time had come, and he began raising us \$5000 at a time. Of course, we saw him, and went a little better. When he had put up all his cash we allowed him \$20,000 on his gambling den in Virginia City; then \$70,000 on some land; then \$5000 on his note of hand; then \$1000 on his horse, guns, diamond pin, etc. When it was known throughout the room that we stood to lose "The Kicker," with its 1,000,000,000 circulation, a shudder seemed to pass over every one, but it was a moral and respectable shudder—one that no elder or deacon could have found the least fault with.

When the Major could raise no more and knew that he had got to walk home and live on roots by the way, the hands were laid on the table, face upwards. The Major took one look, grabbed for a gun, and pulled trigger with the muzzle within an inch of our eye. The cartridge failed to explode, being the only one of the six that was defective. As he saw his failure the

man fainted away, and when revived made the most profound apologies, and was forgiven by all. Such a little slip as that might take place at a funeral or during an aldermanic debate.

The stakes in the game were over \$100,000. We do not want the money. We ask our readers to specify some charity to which it can be sent. The only thing we have thought of thus far is to donate 100 church spires to 100 church edifices, but if there is anything better we are willing to adopt it.

THE AGE OF ADVERTISING.

This is an age of advertising. We cannot do business successfully without it. Recently, when the Chicago papers stopped publication for three days, business in the city stores was practically at a standstill. I remember when certain large establishments in New York boasted that they did not advertise or said that a satisfied customer was the best advertisement. Tiffany, Brokaw Brothers and other well-known houses did not advertise, but they do today, and so does every large concern. In those days the merchant sold his goods over the counter and the manufacturer sent out his salesmen, but today people buy the goods which you want and which they know something about because of the information given by the advertisements.—Herbert S. Gunnison in Leslie's.

THE NEWEST HORROR.

Fair women I love and adore,
Is a graceful and charming display;
Their beauty I sing o'er and o'er,
Their lightest behest I obey.
I approve of their gorgeous array,
I want them to dress as they please;
But I really must voice my dismay
At those gowns that are tied round the knees!

A fluffy mass trailing the floor
Is a graceful and charming display;
And even the sheath gowns they wore
Were pretty enough in their day.
A costume of stiff white plaque
With my notion of order agrees;
But no words can my horror convey
Of those gowns that are tied round the knees!

I'm certain that never before
Was a fashion so sadly astray;
When one wabbles in at the door,
My amusement I fear I betray.
They try to look happy and gay—
The ladies at afternoon teas—
But they walk such a comical way
In those gowns that are tied round the knees!

L'envoi
Dame Fashion, you hear what I say,
Oh, please put your ban upon these:
Remove from my vision, I pray,
Those gowns that are tied round the knees!

—Harper's Magazine.
Fine Job Printing, Star Office.

THE PROGRESS OF CREMATION

But one other objection to cremation to the living whose dwelling are near those graves?

Our spreading civilization ruthlessly claims for its economic purposes patches of land hitherto sacred to the dead. No sentiment here! Is it in consonance with the religious sense to see huge factories and tenements towering above and overshadowing little cemeteries, whose dwellers are of other and forgotten centuries? Does it conform with the reverent mood to see workmen, while excavating for the foundations of mercantile buildings, dig up churchyard slime and toss away the bones of long-forgotten dead? Thus, there is not only a hygienic but also an economic objection to burial. It would be useless to inquire here as to the propriety of the latter; we may but record that it exists and is insurmountable. The acreage in and about large cities now devoted to cemeteries is enormous. The earth now sanctified will certainly in time be desecrated. The crematory is thus the only solution.—The Journal of the American Medical Association.

REFORESTATION

IN GERMAN CHINA.

Tsingtau is an example of the possibilities of afforestation. Its growing forests and experimental gardens are in oasis in China.

During 1911, it is planned to reforest the "Wushan," and adjoining mountain. Twenty-eight thousand nine hundred pounds of oak seed will be planted. In the near future 2600 pounds of Acacia seeds and 20,000 saplings of mulberry bushes will be distributed throughout the various villages in the Kiaochow region to encourage the reforestation of surrounding hills. Each village will be supplied with several hundred saplings for boundary lines between lands, the object being to encourage the silk industry. Later on young silkworms raised at Litsun (Kiaochow) last year will be distributed for further experiments.

Twenty-seven boxes and barrels of new and beautiful things. Everything free for Green Stamps. Call and ask the man. Beretania and Fort.
Fine Job Printing, Star Office.